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754 powuhful spell.[6] Duh man fell sick an had tuh go tuh a root doctuh[48] fo he git cuod."

777 "Yuh sho hab bad luck ef yuh do a lot uh tings," warned one of the women. "Nobody ebuh carry a hoe aw a rake tru duh house. Das a bad sign."

"It's bad luck tuh carry wood on yuh shoulduh tru duh house," was added to this information.

777 "But it ain bad luck ef you weahs a Lucky Haht," in-
789 terposed Emma.

"And what is a Lucky Heart," we inquired.

"It's fuh good luck. All duh people roun yuh carries Lucky Hahts and Lucky Mojoes an sech tings."[8]

527 Respecting harvest festivals one of the women said, "I hab heah tell how dey dohn do dat no mo."[38]

•535 "We do git tuhgedduh an hab dance an pahties an big
[178] suppuhs," stated another. Her eyes sparkled at the pleasant memory. "We does duh Snake Hip an duh Buzzud Lope."

The others chorused, "An addalas dance we did duh Fish Tail an duh Fish Bone an duh Camel Walk."[17]

535 All efforts failed to persuade the women to describe these dances. Evidently thinking of the antics of their neighbors at the recent dance they laughed repeatedly, shaking their heads and nudging one another but refusing to be cajoled into a demonstration.

115 After learning that we wished to record the old customs as far back as possible, the women suggested that we visit Uncle Jonah,* who was the great grandfather of Elizabeth. In answer to repeated halloos the old man came trudging down the road. As he drew nearer the car, we could see that he was a spry, erect little figure, clad in a blue chambray shirt and a pair of dark trousers. Although he carried a gnarled stick for support, he appeared to move with considerable rapidity. His salutation was, "Dis is Uncle Jonah, duh man wut swalluh duh whale."

* *"Uncle Jonah," Sunbury.*

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manner. The girl continued her work on the fish net, occasionally glancing at us with that impenetrable expression.

After much persuasion we gained the older woman's confidence and she spoke to us freely. She, too, attended the baptisms held by members of the two churches and also remembered various "settin-ups" she had gone to. She told us that food was usually prepared for the watchers.

"Bread an coffee," she said, "das wut dey gie yuh at a settin-up."

"We thought they ate chicken," we remarked.

"No, dey dohn hab no chicken. Jis bread an coffee."

The subject of food led us to inquire if she knew of any persons who refused to eat certain things.

"Muh huzbun wohn nebuh eat chicken. Ain nebuh eat it sence he wuz bawn, an needuh his mudduh befo him."[65]

"Why is that? Doesn't he like it?"

"Ain no mine wedduh he lak it aw ain lak it. He jis wohn eat it. Lots uh folks say deah's some food wut dey dohn eat. I nebuh eat rabbit. An none uh muh folks wouldn eat it needuh. Dey say it wuz no good tuh eat."

The conversation drifted on until the talk of food brought to the woman's mind gala occasions at which she had feasted and danced in her youth.

"We use tuh dance all duh time tuh duh drums," she said. "We would dance roun an roun in a succle an clap our hans an sing. Dey would hab duh dances obuh on St. Catherine Ilun."

"How would you know when they were going to hold a dance?"

"Dey beat duh drums on St. Catherine.[20] Den dey heah it at Harris Neck an folks deah tell all ub us yuh bout duh dance. We all go obuh tuh St. Catherine in a boat an dance an dance till mos daylight."

When the talk finally turned to roots and other potent

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tings, den duh udduhs in duh fambly will die too. Dey will folluh right long. Folks alluz hab two fewnuls. We hab one wen dey die an den once a yeah we hab a suhvice fuh ebrybody wut died durin duh yeah.[42] Duh preachuh say a prayuh fuhrum all."

From this source we obtained added verification of the fact that river baptisms were still held.

"We alluz baptize on duh ebb tide," said Rosa. "Duh watuh washes duh sin away. Duh preachuh pray up on duh bank an den wen he baptize duh candidate, he pray tuh duh ribbuh tuh take away duh sins." [43]

Later in the conversation the women recalled harvest festivals [44] that had been held many years before. "Dat wuz alluz a big time." Anna's rather somber face lit up at the remembrance of the festive occasion. "Ebrybody bring some ub duh fus crop tuh duh chuch an we prepeahs a big feas. We pray an gib tanks fuh duh crop an pray fuh duh nex yeah. We all eat an sing an dance. One uh duh dances call duh Buzzud Lope.[17] We still dance dat tuhday."

Rosa told us proudly that she was a granddaughter of Katherine Basden who had been recognized as a leader among the Negroes in the section.

"Me an muh brudduh wuz muh granmudduh's favorites," she said. "She alluz said she lak us bettuhn all duh udduh chillun. Wen I wuz only bout twelve yeahs ole, she tell me wen I grow up I would take huh place an carry on duh wuk she wuz doin."

Moving her powerful shoulders in rhythm and clapping her hands together, the woman sang us a song that her grandmother had crooned to new-born babies as she held them in her arms. The words were, for the most part, indistinguishable. Over and over we caught one repeated phrase, "nikki yimi, nikki yimi."

"Muh granmudduh wuz took very sick. She knew she wuz gonuh die. Dat wuz jis wen muh oldes chile wuz bawn.

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propped up against one of the buildings, we recalled a belief prevailing in most of the Negro communities already visited.

"Does a hoe possess magic qualities?" we wanted to know.

Uncle Ben and Reuben glanced at each other, then muttered in unison, "Yes'm, duh hoe is magic sho nuff."

From Reuben we received the additional statement, "Ef yuh carry duh hoe tru duh house, it sho mean bad luck."

Uncle Ben's contribution was, "I heah lots uh tings bout duh hoe. I heah tell bout how it jis stan right up in duh fiel by itsef an wuk fuh yuh widout nobody techin it—das ef yuh kin wuk it right." [39]

When we asked about the music played at dances and at church services, Uncle Ben explained to us, "Some yeahs back at duh dances dey would alluz beat duh drums an shake some kine uh bones wut dey make frum cow's ribs. All duh folks would keep time wid deah hans an feet an dance tuh duh music." [33]

Apparently the memory of similar affairs was pleasant to Reuben, the young guide, for his eyes gleamed and his white teeth flashed in a sudden smile. "Fo I wuz married," he said, "I use tuh go tuh dances an picnics all duh time. Dey would hab only duh drums fuh music an dey would beat on em an duh folks would dance roun in a ring tuh duh toon."

As it was growing dark, we were forced to end our visit to this interesting settlement. Reuben led the way back to the car and we plunged again into the pine forest.

Going back over the trail we commiserated with Reuben, who apparently made the trip frequently. "I comes tuh see em mos ebry day. Yuh see, Ise married tuh deah baby girl," he confided.

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dey put salt on duh stomach tuh keep it frum purgin. Ebrybody put duh hands on um tuh say good-bye.[31]

"On duh way tuh duh grabe dey beat duh drum as dey is mahchin long.[34] Wen duh body is put in duh grabe, ebrybody shout roun duh grabe in a succle, singin an prayin. Each one trow a hanful uh dut in duh grabe."[28]

The conversation shifted to topics of a more cheerful nature and Rachel told us that in former years at harvest time, they had been in the habit of holding "crop suppuhs."[33]

Her face creased itself into a delightful grin and her eyes shone as she told us, "Dat sho wuz a big time. We hab a big feas. All night we shouts an in duh mawnin right at sunrise we pray an bow low tuh duh sun. Muh great-gran—she name Peggy—I membuh she pray ebry day, at sunrise, at noon, an at sunset. She kneel down wen she pray an at duh en she bow low tree times, facin duh sun."

Alec's thoughts in the meantime had turned to more trivial affairs. He went on to tell us about the various dances that are popular at the present-day social affairs.

"Cose we do duh Buzzud Lope,"[17] he began. "Ebrybody knows dat. Den we alluz does anudduh dance. We calls it 'Come Down tuh duh Myuh.' We dance roun an shake duh han an fiddle duh foot. One ub us kneel down in duh middle uh duh succle. Den we all call out an rise an shout roun, an we all fling duh foot agen."

In answer to our question about river baptisms the old people informed us that they are still held in the section. Alec described these. "We all sing an pray an duh preachuh pray tuh duh Lord. Cose duh candidate caahn be save less he reely want tuh be. Duh preachuh an duh candidates goes down in duh watuh. Den duh preachuh make a prayuh tuh duh ribbuh an duh ribbuh washes duh sin away."[63]

It is bad luck to eat certain types of food, Rachel told us. This belief had never influenced Rachel or Alec but they

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Darien

THE NEGROES OF THE DARIEN SECTION, MANY OF whom live in small scattered communities outside the town, are proud of their Darien ancestry. When the younger people migrate to larger communities, it is a common thing to hear them say proudly, "My people come frum Darien."

One of the most typical settlements is opposite the Todd Grant Negro School. A few houses are clustered about the knoll facing the school building, and more dilapidated board shacks are scattered over the little hill. At the top is Aunty Jane Lewis' cabin, surrounded by small sheds and fenced patches of ground where chickens and a goat are kept from wandering too far. At the north a few cypress trees straggle off to the wood. A sturdy bush provides the sunny drying ground for the gourds that later will be used as water dippers.

Aunty Jane * claims that she is one hundred and fifteen years old, and to see the small bent woman with the deeply lined black skin and filmy eyes is to believe her claim. Her voice is high pitched, with the thin timbre of extreme age, but she still moves with sudden agile gestures. During our conversation she hopped up from the steps and began to do the Buzzard Lope [17] to illustrate her story.

"I belong tuh Robert Toodle wut lib in Nawt Calina an he sole me down yuh wen Ise twenty-one. I ain membuh much bout Nawt Calina but uh membuhs plenty bout duh ole days yuh, cuz I bin yuh neah bout a hunnud yeahs. I be-

* *Jane Lewis, Darien.*

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wuz alluz fixin cunjuh.[15] She tie up ebryting in sacks. She git a lill foot track dus,[7] a lill haiah combins, an nail parin,[10] an she tie um up wid a lill rag. Cose, I dohn belieb in dis an wen she die, I bun um. Ef yuh hab any trouble wid snakes,[50] yuh ketch um an bun um wid duh trash. Den all duh whole kingdom uh snakes will leab yuh lone."[50]

We next questioned Aunty Jane about signs.

"Yes'm, I knows plenty uh signs but my head so full uh-rum I dohn know wich tuh tell yuh. Some ub um I beliebs an some ub um I ain belieb. Wen yuh go on a journey an yuh hattuh tun back, yuh make a cross mahk on duh dut an spit on it, an it sho bad luck tuh bring a hoe in duh house."

The subject of drums was then brought up.

"I ain heah um beat duh drums in my chuch," Aunty Jane said. "But I sho is heah plenty uh drum beat. We use tuh alluz dance tuh duh drums. We dance roun in a succle an we hab drum an we hab goad rattle an we beat tin pan tuh-gedduh.[23] Some time dey hab sto-bought drum, but Alex Harris, he muh son, he make um. He lib up duh ribbuh."

Aunty Jane gave us a description of how the drums were made.

"Yuh kill a coon an yuh skin um an yuh tack duh skin up side duh house tuh dry an yuh stretch um good till um tight an smood. Den yuh stretch um obuh duh en ub a holluh tree trunk.[35] Sometime dey is big drum wut stan as high as dis." She raised her hand about three feet from the ground.

We asked Aunty Jane what trees they used. Did they use oak?

"No, ma'am, it ain good tuh use oak ef yuh kin hep it. It too hahd. Yuh take a good cypress aw ceduh wut eat out on duh inside an yuh take um an scoop um out an stretch duh skin obuh duh ens. Sometime yuh kin fine a holly wut'll do. Alex, he make drum up tuh two yeah ago an we sho hab big time doin duh dances wile dey beat duh drums. Wene-buh we happy aw wannuh celebrate, we dance." At this

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point Aunty Jane rose to give us an exhibition of two dances, the Buzzard Lope and the Snake Hip.[17]

Across the highway from Aunty Jane's settlement, about one mile north of Darien, back of a turpentine still, is an irregular settlement of small houses, most of which are enclosed by high dilapidated paling fences. Here Wallace Quarterman * occupied a cabin with his daughter, Abby Gibson. Wallace was old but with a clear mind, and he enjoyed a high standing in his community. We felt that he would know about the old beliefs and customs.

We left the highway on a narrow dirt road, little more than a path through the bush, and after much winding in and out we came upon a street of Negro cabins with their enclosed yards, vegetable patches, and tumbled down sheds. Wallace was sitting on the porch of Abby's house. Lizzie Sanders volunteered to be our guide and paid a visit to Wallace along with us.

We asked him how old he was and where he was born.

"Ise bawn July 14, 1844. Now figguh dat out fuh yuhsef, missus. Ise bawn at Sout Hampton, Libuty County, an I belong tuh Roswell King, but he done die long bout sometime in duh fifties an Ise sole fuh debt tuh Cunl Fred Waring on Skidaway Ilun. Ise bin bout fifteen wen I sen tuh Skidaway."

For a long time we had wanted to establish some connection with Skidaway Island that reached back before the War between the States. We questioned Wallace about the church on Skidaway.

"We sho did hab big time goin tuh chuch in doze days. Not many uh deze Nigguhs kin shout tuhday duh way us could den. Yuh needs a drum fuh shoutin."

We asked if they shouted to a drum then.

"We sho did. We beat a drum at duh chuch an we beat a drum on duh way tuh duh grabeyahd tuh bury um. We

* *Wallace Quarterman, Darien. Deceased autumn, 1933.*

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the current belief concerning the necessity of asking leave to enter the graveyard.

"Grant Johnson, he wannuh cut some wood an he git obuh duh fence uh duh cimiterry," he explained to us. "He didn ax leab uh nobody." He wuz a cuttin duh wood down as fas as he could wen all ub a sudden he see a big black dog wut [54] come attuh im. Dat wuz a shadduh an he ain lose no time in jumpin obuh duh fence.

"Wen yuh hab a fewnul eben today, yuh hab tuh ax leab tuh entuh duh cimiterry gate. Duh spirit ain gonuh let yuh in lessn yuh ask leab ub it."

We visited Nero Jones,* an elderly Negro who lived on his sixty-five-acre tract of land with a daughter, Henrietta. Sitting beneath the protecting shade of an arbor which overlooked a peanut field, the old man was busily engaged in shucking a large basket of the nuts.

He, too, remembered having seen harvest dances. "We use tuh hab big time at hahves," [33] he began. "We pray an sing duh night tru. Wen duh sun riz we go out an dance. We hab big beatin uh drums an sometimes we dry duh goads an leab duh seed in um. Dey make good rattle.[33, 35]

"I membuh Uncle Calina an An Hannah well. Dey mighty ole an dey bun up in duh house. Day talk lot uh funny talk tuh each udduh an dey is mighty puhticuluh bout prayin. Dey pray on duh bead. Duh ole man he say 'Ameela' and An Hannah she say 'Hakabara.'"

Later we drove slowly over the flat grass-lands to Hog Hammock, another Negro community at the south end of Sapelo. The red-legged herons winging their way against the vivid blue of the sky, the dense foliage rimming the edges of the inland marshes, clumps of feathery bush, all contributed to the tropical beauty of the island.

At Hog Hammock we visited Shad Hall (Plate XVII),** A

* *Nero Jones, Sapelo Island.*
** *Shad Hall, Sapelo Island.*

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-V--Analyst]

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grape arbor and spreading live oaks. On the side road stood three stately pine trees from which hung silvery festoons of Spanish moss. Catherine was black, small, and lively at sixty-nine.

"Ise bawn in Meridian," she said, "but Ise lib mos muh life heah. Muh people belong tuh duh Atwoods uh Darien an tings heah on duh ilun is pretty much duh way dey wuz deah. Some tings is changed wut hadduh change, lak wen we hab a fewnul duh unduhtakuh come an git duh body an dey dohn lak yuh tuh hab no settin-up. In duh ole days we would sing an make prayuh all night an dey would come an measure duh body wid a string tuh make duh coffin tuh bury em in. Dey use tuh alluz sen yuh home tuh bury[1] ef dey could git duh money but dey ain eben alluz do dat no mo. Dey nebuh use tuh bury no strainjuhs in duh buryin[2] groun but heah dat ain kep strick needuh."

We asked about the dances and festivals of her youth. "We use tuh hab big times duh fus hahves,[16] an duh fus ting wut growed we take tuh duh chuch so as ebrybody could hab a piece ub it. We pray obuh it an shout. Wen we hab a dance, we use tuh shout in a ring. We ain hab wut yuh call a propuh dance tuhday.

"One uh duh dances wuz call duh Buzzud Lope.[17] It's a long time sence we done it, but I still membuh it. We ain hab much music in doze days but dey use a drum tuh call duh people tuhgedduh wen dey go auh hab games aw meetin.[26] It sho bin a long time sence I tought bout dem days."

Catherine told us that Ryna Johnson, who lived about a mile down the Harrington Road, was one of the oldest people on the island. Leaving the main highway, we followed the narrow, less traversed side road. It was a heavily wooded section. We viewed the massive-trunked hoary oak trees through a misty curtain of hanging moss. The fences along the road were covered with honeysuckle and wild grape. Shortly before we arrived at our destination, the road divided

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ain weah no cloze, he say, but a leedle clawt string roun em.

"William say dat dey ain hab much trouble gittin tings tuh eat in Africa cuz so much grow free. Dey cut duh tree an let duh suhrup drain out. Duh women tie duh leedle chillun an duh babies on tuh deah back tuh carry em roun.

"He say wen dey come in duh boats tuh ketch em, dey trail a red flag an dey ain use tuh see red an das duh way dey git duh load. William he talk funny talk. He hab funny wud fuh tings. I use tuh know some ub em, cuz he teach em tuh me but it so long, missus, Ise fuhgit. But I membuh he say pot call 'sojo' an watuh 'deloe' an he call fyuh 'diffy.' He sho did dat, but das all I kin membuh. Ef uh study bout em, maybe I kin membuh some mo."

We wanted a description of William, the African.

"William a good size man, heaby set. He hab two leedle line mahk on he right cheek." [14]

Ryna mused: "Tings is sho change. Wen we is young, we use tuh hab big frolic an dance in a ring an shout tuh drum. Sometime we hab rattle made out uh dry goad an we rattle em an make good music." [23, 25]

We wondered if she, too, remembered the Buzzard Lope and she assured us, "Yes'm, sho I knows it. Ebrybody knows it." [17]

Shortly afterward the conversation turned to conjure and the old woman told us, "I sho heah plenty bout da ting. Way back we hab plenty discussion bout root makuhs." [22, 48] I membuh my huzbun Hillard Johnson speak bout a root makuh in Darien wut make duh pot bile widout fyuh. My huzbun he frum Sapelo. He could tell yuh bout sech tings ef he wuz libin."

A short distance away lived Charles Hunter,* whose small board house was set well back from the road. The front yard enclosed by a wire fence was planted with a profusion of brightly colored flowers along the sandy walk leading to

* *Charles Hunter, Harrington, St. Simons Island.*

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Asked if he remembered any other Africans who tied their heads up, the old man told us, "I membuh a ole uhmun name Daphne. He didn tie he head up lak ole man Israel. He weah loose wite veil on he head. He wuz shahp-feechuh too an light uh complexion. He weah one ring in he eah fuh he eyes.[27] I hab refrence to it bein some kine uh pruhtection tuh he eyes. Wen he pray, he bow two aw tree times in duh middle uh duh prayuh."

We asked about the music they used to have and what they used for dancing in the old days.

"We ain dance den duh way dey dances now. We dance roun in a succle an den we dances fuh prayin.[19a] I membuhs we use tuh hab drums fuh music an we beat duh drum fuh dances.[23]

"Now, ole man Dembo he use tuh beat duh drum tuh duh fewnul,[24] but Mr. Couper he stop dat. He say he dohn wahn drums beatin roun duh dead. But I watch em hab a fewnul. I gits behine duh bush an hide an watch an see wut dey does. Dey go in a long pruhcession tuh duh buryin groun an dey beat duh drums long duh way an dey submit duh body tuh duh groun. Den dey dance roun in a ring an dey motion wid duh hans.[18] Dey sing duh body tuh duh grabe an den dey let it down an den dey succle roun in duh dance.

"Dey ain hab no chuch in doze days an wen dey wannuh pray, dey git behine duh house aw hide someweah an make a great prayuh. Dey ain suppose tuh call on duh Lawd; dey hadduh call on duh massuh an ef dey ain do dat, dey git nine an tutty.

"Dey ain marry den duh way dey do now. Attuh slabery dey hadduh remarry. Dey hab big baptizin in duh ribbuh lak dey do tuhday an dey dip em on duh ebb tuh wash duh sins away an duh preachuh he make a great prayuh tuh duh ribbuh.[63]

"Ole man Okra he a great un fuh buil drum.[25] He take a calf skin an tan it an make duh side uh maple. Ise pretty

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ple an dey all say dey plant duh crop an dey dohn hadduh wuk it. I heah lot ub em tell how dey git obuh yuh. Dey trap em on a boat wid a red flag."

Old Tom Floyd was not the only root doctor Floyd could remember. There were many others, he said, some still living and plying their trade.[48]

"I knows a root makuh now," he told us. "Uncle Quawt, he root makuh. Does yuh know him?"

We replied that we had known Quarterman for some time but that he had never told us he could work roots.

"Maybe he ain tell yuh but he kin wuk em all right.[48] He kin put a cunjuh on wid a goofa bag as good as anybody. Now, I tell yuh bout im. Deah's two felluhs in Brunswick wut does a lill killin an wen duh case is call, two buzzud light on duh cote house an wen duh men come up befo duh jedge, he let um go free. Now, Uncle Quawt, he had sumpm tuh do wid dat. Dey ain so many root makuhs lef."

Floyd, too, had heard of Alexander, the old African root maker.

"Yes'm, Ise heahd much bout im. He wuz still libin wen I wuz a boy. Ise heahd em tell plenty uh tales bout im. Dey say duh boat leab fuh Savannah an Alexanduh he yuh. He say good-bye frum yuh an tell em tuh go on widout im but he say he see em deah an wen duh boat git tuh Savannah, Alexanduh he in Savannah on duh dock tuh ketch duh line."

Pleasant memories associated with the social activities of the past caused Floyd to ponder abstractedly for a time. Finally he roused himself and told us, "We use tuh dance roun tuh a drum an a rattle goad. Dey could make good drum frum hawg an bass drum frum cow.[25] Doze days dey ain only beat duh drum fuh dancin; dey beat it on duh way tuh duh grabe yahd.[24] Dat wuz fuh duh det mahch wen dey use tuh carry duh body in a wagon. Dey hab lot uh singin den too an dey hab singin at duh baptizin. Den dey baptize em in duh ribbuh jis lak dey does now. Dey sing wid all duh

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St. Marys

361 THE NEGROES OF ST. MARYS LIVE SCATTERED ABOUT the town and its outskirts. In the past few years many of the very old people have died and there remain only a few
115 who are past eighty years old. We went to see Hettie Campbell,* who was only seventy-two. Her mother had belonged to Dr. Wright of St. Marys and all her ante-bellum knowledge had been imparted to her by her mother and her stepfather, Andrew King. When we drove up she was sitting on the porch of her small house. The front garden was a
[351] packed dirt yard with formal plantings of flowers and shrubbery. During most of our talk Hettie's son, Horace,** stood in the doorway, half interested in and half amused by the conversation.

We asked Hettie to tell us about the old times.

829 "I remembuh Uncle Patty an Ahnt Rachel. They wuz frum Africa. Aftuh the waw wen they move from the plantation, they lived in a house on the watuhfront an they use tuh talk funny tuh each othuh so none of us chilluns couldn unduhstan em. I dohn remembuh so much bout em cuz uh wuz mighty lill then, but Henry Williams he remembuhs all right. Henry's eighty-seven yeahs ole.

527 "I do remembuh the big times we use tuh have wen I wuz young. We does plenty uh dances in those days. Dance
[535] roun in a ring. We has a big time long bout wen crops come in an evrybody bring sumpm tuh eat wut they makes an we

* *Hettie Campbell, St. Marys. Deceased autumn, 1939.*
** *Horace Campbell, St. Marys.*

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all gives praise fuh the good crop an then we shouts an sings all night.[38] An wen the sun rise, we stahts tuh dance. It ain so long since they stop that back in the woods but these young people they does new kines uh dances."

Horace interjected here, "I seen em do those dances back in the woods but not yuh."

We asked what sort of music they had for the dances.

"They mosly have guitah now," said Hettie, "an we use tuh use guitah too, but we makes em frum goad an we beats drums too. We makes em frum coon hide stretched ovuh hoops.[35] Muh step-fathuh, Andrew King, who lived down the Satilla Rivuh, use tuh tell me how it wuz in the ole days. He tell me they bring a boatload of them Africans ovuh frum a ilun tuh theah plantation. That wuz jis befo the waw an they wuz runnin frum the Yankees."

We asked if she had known any families who refused to eat certain kinds of food.

"Thas a hahd un, ma'am. Mos people eat wut they kin git but I knowd Chahlotte Froman who wouldn tech chicken. They all say that chicken wuz a duhty animal an they ain gonuh eat em.[65] They keeps chicken cuz frizzle chicken is a wise chicken. It sho kin fine wut you caahn fine."[13a]

We asked about conjure.

Horace laughed and said, "I tell yuh, ma'am, they's mo doin of cunjuh up roun Savannah than theah is in these pahts. I jis bin up theah an I ain nevuh heahd so much talk of it in muh life. Theah's a lot of ole customs still roun an we've all heahd bout em an knows bout em but theah ain nobody much wut's ole nuff tuh pay much tention tuh em." Horace smiled with the superiority of the younger generation.

Later we visited Henry Williams,* (Plate XIX),[A] whose little house (Plate XX)[B] sat back in a clump of tall, overgrown brush that grew close to the dilapidated paling fence.

* *Henry Williams, St. Marys.*

A, [See Category 142, plate following p. xxxii-AA--Analyst]
B, [See Category 342, plate following p. xxxii-BB--Analyst]

1: Federal W-5 (no date) 1986
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
Georgia

He wuz the waw chief son and doze mahks tell whut tribe he belong tuh. Wen I knowd im, he stay down in a lill house on the alley neah the ribbuh. I sho heahd im talk a lot. Ise hole duh hide fuh im wen he scrapes em with a scrapuh. Patty say all the people suppote the king by plantin cassaba an givin the king some uh the cassaba."

We asked Uncle Henry about the dances and the customs of long ago.

"I sho see dances wut give thanks fuh the crop [16] an we prays in the night an dance wen the sun rise. I know the Buzzud Lope too.[17] I seen em do that an they use tuh have big Satdy night doins. Roun Christmas we git three days' holiday an theah's plenty uh dances an shoutin then. We goes tuh the ownuh an gits a ticket an we all gathuhs at the same place an we shouts an kick up with each othuh, but wen yuh ticket out, ef yuh dohn come back, the patrol will git yuh an then yuh gits whipped."

We asked him about witch doctors and taboos.

"I tell yuh, missus, they ain many wut knows bout roots yuh tuhday. Some does come tuh sell hans an chahms [6] an they's a heap uh signs fuh the bad an good luck ef I have time tuh study bout em. Now the Jordan family, ole man Jordan, he dohn let none uh his family eat rabbit. Theah's the ole man an Ahnt Tillah an theah chillun, Sally an Austin. He use tuh tell the boy, 'Dohn yuh go shoot no rabbits roun yuh; we dohn none of us eats rabbit. Thas bad luck fuh us.' He sho wuz strick bout it." [65]

We questioned the old man further about his recollections of the beliefs and practices of his ancestors. It appeared, however, that for the present, his discourse had come to a close.

After a moment's hesitation he answered us with, "I ain think bout doze ole days so much lately, miss, but wen uh gits tuh studyin bout em, lots uh things comes back tuh me."

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

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At the Methodist prayer-meetings, they are permitted to move round rapidly in a ring, joining hands in token of brotherly love, presenting the right hand and then the left, in which maneuver, I am told, they sometimes contrive to take enough exercise to serve as a substitute for the dance, it being in fact a kind of spiritual boulanger.[36]

Physical expressions of religious fervor had been a feature of eighteenth-century Methodism. But the phenomenon had for the most part disappeared by the time of the Methodist slave conversion movement. While most Methodist missionaries frowned upon slaves' religious expressions, others heeded the instruction of William Capers, superintendent of missions, to allow the slaves to "be themselves" in matters of worship, so long as they abided by the discipline.[37] Hence, although worldly entertainment was forbidden, in some cases religious exercise was not. Baptist planters may have permitted the shout to exist because they saw no harm in such behavior and recognized the therapeutic effects of such "periodic releases." Thus, the shout ritual, among other things, can be seen as a cathartic which enabled slaves to act out tensions, anxieties, and suppressed facets of themselves in an approved manner. [154]

While Gullahs considered the shout to be a religious, even Christian practice, it was their own creation. At the Praise House, shouts only took place after service had ended and the benediction announced. Also, while Gullahs sang Methodist and Baptist hymns at the praise meetings, when time came for a shout, the slaves sang only their own spirituals.[38] [533]

175 567 796 788 535 533

Some accounts of the shout indicate that three or four people stood and sang, clapping and gesticulating, while others shuffled along on their heels, following each other in a circle, bending the knees slightly. The movements began slowly, a few going around and others joining in vocally and kinetically, while the song became faster and faster, "till at last only the most marked part of the refrain is sung and the shuffling, stamping and clapping get furious." According to Laura Towne, the floor shook dangerously, swaying rhythmically in time with the song. The dancers would get out of breath only after long periods of time, rest for awhile, and begin again, as the several outside of the ring kept up the singing. Charlotte Forten, a black teacher from the North, added color and imagery to the shout scene she witnessed:

> . . . at the close of the Praise-Meeting, they all shake hands in the most solemn manner. Afterward, as a kind of appendix, they have a grand "shout" during

3: Creel H-4 (no date) 1988
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina

which they sing their own hymns. . . . The first shout that we witnessed . . . impressed us very much. The large gloomy room, with its blackened walls—the wild whirling dance of the shouters,—the crowd of dark, eager faces gathered around,—the figure of the old blind man, whose excitement could hardly be controlled, and whose attitude and gestures while singing were very fine—and over all, the red glare of the burning pine-knot, which shed a circle of light around it, but only seemed to deepen and darken the shadows in the other parts of the room,—these all formed a wild, strange, and deeply impressive picture, not soon to be forgotten."[39]

Only members of the Praise House could join in the ring shout. Children were taught the shout at a very early age but never allowed to participate in or attend religious gatherings where the shout was performed until they became Praise House members. Once membership was attained, the new converts were welcomed into the Praise House by the opportunity to lead the ring shout and illustrate their ability.[40]

Most Northern teachers were at first appalled when they observed the shout. "I never saw anything so savage," wrote Laura Towne. "They call it a religious ceremony, but it seems more like a regular frolic to me." "The shout reminds one of a pagan performance," wrote a Ladies Island teacher. Arthur Sumner referred to it as "a strange, barbaric Central-African dance and song." Yet Gullahs insisted that the shout was religious and that each movement and step had spiritual significance. The steps never changed and even after freedom the shout was not altered by maneuvers that might have been learned at a "worldly dance." A watchful leader made sure that the feet were never crossed. Some whites, after coming to know and understand the Gullahs, reversed their initial critical stance. Laura Towne spent the rest of her life with the Gullahs after going there during the Civil War. She grew to love and respect the Gullahs enough to appreciate their forms of expression. "Went to a fine shout today," she wrote in her diary after a few years' stay on the Sea Islands.[41]

The Gullah ring shout, like the travel and the vision, involved an altered state of consciousness and had the attributes of "possession." It represented either an unusual behavior inspired and controlled by an outside agent, in this case the Holy Spirit, or the outside agent displaced the individual's personality and acted in its stead.[42] The background of the Gullah ring shout, a manifestation of possession trance, was West African in origin and an important characteristic of the initiation process.

4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mr. James Mackey

WE IS HAD A DANCE

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Dance! That's my favorite. In certain times of the year like Fourth of July or Labor Days, we is had a dance. Had guitar and all like that. First of all we used something called accordion, and we'd beat stick. Then after that we was enabled enough to buy something call tambourine. A man lived back in the woods used to play guitar. James White used to play fiddle. And another fellow and I used to assist him. When I don't feel like play awhile, I dance in on the set until it broke up. We didn't have this new style they got here now—hug together.

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We dance eight in a group. Two on the head this side, two on that side, two on the side like that. The fellow who knock the tambourine, he teach the set. He says "swing to your left," then you come swing that. Then swing your partner, then swing home. Then he say "promenade all," they all hook hands, grab hands together and just soshay all around, 'til they get back to the place what they was.

Later on after these girls used to come from the city, then they used to dance hug together.

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4: Carawan & Carawan B,Z-5 (1959-1988) 1989
NN23 Sea Islanders NN23
South Carolina
Johns Island

Mrs. Janie Hunter

WE DIDN'T 'LOW TO GO OUT AFTER DARK

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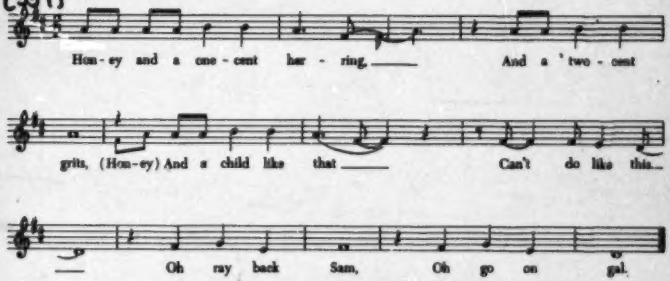
When I was a young girl, we just used to go talk with friends, we didn't 'low to go out after dark. So the first time I went to a dance—that was 1932 when I first met my husband which is Willie Hunter—my mother tell 'em to have me back in the house by sundown. He took me to a dance at Miller Hill, right over there where that water hole at. Mr. Charles Clemmens used to have a dance call a trap dance. It be drums and be washboard and all such music like that.

Used to have dances called Charleston, Pick Cherry, Alligator—get down on floor and do 'gator tap-tap, tap on your heel and toe—"One-Cent Herring, Two-Cent-Grits." Sometime two hook hand and go around. Call that a waltz dance. Some of these dance now is old-time dance, but they just change and give it a different name.

(533)
(534)



So when we get to the dance, the dance music was so good that we stays until about nine-thirty, and the water come across the road. The water come so high and I get scared. He have to put me on his back and tote me across the water. When we get back to the house, my mother smoke a pipe.

I was scared to go in. I said, "Willie, you best go in, 'cause I ain't going get a beating." My mother won't lick you before company.

So he went in, he says, "Mama, I'm sorry because we late. The tide was high across the road."

And my daddy, he is the first one to give in. He said, "Well, I know 'cause I go to the creek, and I know how that tide run."

I didn't say "good night." I sloop right in my bed. I was seventeen then.

491 one-lane affairs, which pass through woods of oak and pine
and marshes filled with cat tails. The church itself is an
346 impressive structure, built by the cooperative labor of the
461 men many years ago, each of whom hauled an allotment of con-
476 crete blocks from the boat landing in ox carts over the
493 deeply rutted sand roads. It was built in a location equally
368 distant from the "four corners" which were populated at that
time, and faces due east. Preceding the major morning ser-
794 mon, three Sunday-school classes are held simultaneously in
the church sanctuary, with oral reading and discussion of a
printed lesson a major component of the lessons for all age
796 groups. Formal preaching is held one Sunday each month, with
[793 morning and evening services conducted by a well-educated
minister who comes from Georgetown. On other Sundays, ser-
[794 vices are conducted by church members. The most prestigious
794 social group on the island is that of the Board of Deacons
511 of the church; this small group of six or seven of the oldest
men conducts the major business of the island. Other busi-
595 ness is conducted by two women's clubs or "lodges," which
often meet on Sunday afternoons in the abandoned schoolhouse.
Other social activities are parties, adult education classes,
527 music and dancing, and story telling. Community parties
873 are sometimes held in the old school building, and adult
education classes have been conducted there as well. Music
533 is a highly valued activity in every age group, as evidenced
535 both by the singing for Sunday services and by the dancing

533 enjoyed at parties. Congregational singing in church is
535 often accompanied by dance movements and clapping, particu-
[196] larly on the part of older women. Story telling is also a
538 highly valued activity, with males of all ages being especi-
888 ally skilled at this art. With old age, the obligation to
538 remember and relate oral history of importance to the family or the social group is placed upon both males and females. Young people spend many hours with old people, listening to these historical accounts and to the stories of ghosts and spirits which abound in the area.

621 The closed community of the island can be usefully compared to more open black communities on the nearby mainland. Three different island residents expressed spontaneously, at different times, their appreciation for living in a community where "nobody bothered you." The closed nature of the community makes for less interference from the dominant whites. Land ownership and a relatively long history
464 of independent conduct of their daily affairs on the island
484 has made for self confidence and willingness to try new jobs
[159] and live in unknown cities at least for short periods of time. Islanders frequently live and work off the island
[166] during their middle years, returning to live on the land owned by their families in their old age or when their aging parents need their help. Geographic isolation has also meant limited job choices, however. None who engaged in business or professional occupations have been able to remain on the

8: Smith Q-4,5 (no date) 1926
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192 used in the sense of hunger or want, or like the proverbial wolf: "Haffuh wu'k haa'd fuh keep Stepney frum de do'."

[175] *Plat-eye* signifies a ghastly and ghostly night apparition which it is extremely dangerous, even fatal, to meet or see, common to the Georgetown section of the coast. *Plat-eye prowl* is the vivid phrase for the depth of night when it is ill to be abroad.

Gullah English is full of picturesque, interesting words and phrases. Consider, for example, the following: *schemy; speckly; settle' 'ooman*, a woman of a certain age, not a flapper; *newfanglety; disgustuss; foot* for leg: "Deer hab long foot, him run fas'; Cootuh hab shawt foot, him trabble slow"; *buckra*, white man, then simply "white," as *buckra yam*, white potato, *buckra chalk*, white chalk; *altwo*, both, each; *peruse*, to saunter, walk slowly, "Da' gal him bin peruse 'long de road, en 'e nebbuh study 'bout nutt'n"; *ractify*, first "to break," as "Da' buggy ractify," then "to become confused" (mentally), "Da' 'ooman ractify een 'e min'"; *gunjuh* (from gingerbread), the scalloped molasses cakes sold in stores; *Mass, Mas*, (Master) when used with the name: *Mass' John, Mass' Rafe; maussuh* when used without the name, as "Da' muh maussah";[a] also *Maussuh Jedus*, but *Mastuh* for God alone. *Ox*, plural, "two ox"; *oxin*, singular, "one oxin." *Specify*, to make *good*, usually in the negative *cyan' specify*, can't make good; of a poor wife, "she cyan' specify"; of trousers, "de britchiz bus', 'e yent specify."

Quizzit, to ask, to question.

[535] *To shout*, not used of exclamation or outcry but of a peculiar religious dance[b] of the primitive Negro Christians

[539] Whoza, whoza, whogabo, da humbarnorta, sundundilly?
Coo me sormbee norty sundundilly indelarun.
("De Tiger an' de Nyung Lady.")

Olawin! Olawin!
Odatle-tic-tic!
(De Wolf, de Rabbit an' de Whale's Eggs.)

[a] "Mass' Sam tell we ol' Maussa say, 'Sen' Mass' Henry bat-o home."
Bennett, II, 6.

[533] [b] For an exposition of the "shout song" see Johnson, *The Book of American Negro Spirituals*, Preface, 32-35; and for a first-hand description see *Slave Songs of the United States*, XII-XV, taken from the N. Y. *Nation*, May 30, 1867.
Compare Dorothy Scarborough, *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, Harvard University Press, 1925, p. 269.

8: Smith Q-4,5 (no date) 1926
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marked by ecstatic motion and hysterical physical rhythms.

Too in the sense of "very."

Sometime, inconstant, unsure: "Dem nyoung gal is a sometime t'ing."

Nyam, in the sense of eat."

Lahgin', and *swongger*, to assume self importance, to put on airs. Both of these seem pure Negro, unless the first is from 'largin', enlarging (?); and the second from swagger, compare swank.

Mongkey-nut for cocoa-nut, probably from the resemblance of the hairy nut to a brown monkey's head.

Soon for early, as a *soon brukwuss*, a *soon staa't*, a *soon man*. Thence, as noted by Mr. Bennett,[33] arises the first division of the Negro's day; *soon er mo'nin'*; after which follows *fus' fowl-crowin'*, *day-clean*, *sun-up*, *fus' an' las' ho'n blowin'*, *fo'noon res'*, *attanoon*, *de sun duh lean*, *de sun duh lean fuh down*, *sun-down*, *deep-dus'*, *ebenin'*, *can'le-lightin'*, *night-time*, *platt-eye prowl*, and *hag-hollerin'*."[34]

Phrases

Crack 'e bret' (or *crack 'e teet'*), crack his breath or teeth, i.e., say something.

Long-mout', surly or contemptuous pushing out of lips.

Shut-mout' (adj.) or *tie up 'e mout'* (verb), secretive, ill-natured, not saying anything.

Onrabble 'e mout', unravel his mouth, i.e., loosen up in conversation.

W'ich en' w'y talk, which and why talk, i.e., contradictory, inconsistent talk.

She-she talk, used of feminine loquacity. This phrase looks, by the way, like a correct use of the feminine gender,

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[33] Mr. Williams' suggestion is that *nyam* comes from *yam tetter* (yam potato) with intrusive *n* before *y* sound. Williams, *De Ole Plantation*, *VI*. An improbable derivation. Professor W. A. Craigie derives it from African *nyam*—to eat: *n'yam*—food, and compares Portuguese African *igname*—the yam.

[34] I, 342.

[154] [175]

[34] Midnight. Hags are witches, and platt-eyes diabolical spirits of the mist. *Loc cit.*, 342.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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where records of London music-hall ditties are preferred to the folksongs of the native. It is a discouraging sign of the times to find quantities of sentimentalized spirituals listed in foreign record catalogues side by side with songs of African natives. It does seem as though we have come to a pretty pass when the Negro, who sings a spiritual as only a Negro can, is determined to sing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the white man, who sings a Brahms song to perfection, is equally determined to sing "Roll, Jordun, Roll." What a contrary world we live in!

But a clue to the solution of the problem is found in the fact that the rural Negro has always taken his cue from the white folks at the "Big House." If they favor and enjoy the slave songs, it may be that he is not so far wrong after all, in cherishing his heritage in the face of jeers from the "style" leaders of his community. Such being the case, the future of the old-time music evidently rests in the hands of the landed gentry of the South. Their influence is quite as potent as it was in the days "befo' de wa'," and in view of this fact and the known conservatism of the majority of the middle-aged rural Negroes, the prestige that plantation owners can give means the difference between extinction and conservation.

In consequence, I never lose an opportunity to beg the coöperation of those who are in a position to lend an encouraging hand. There is no need to do more than allow the Negroes to provide entertainment in the manner that was usual on many ante-bellum estates. The justification for such a positive statement is found in the efficacy of this very method on the coast of Georgia. No one has better reason than I to know what the interest of certain plantation owners has meant in the preservation of Negro music. For years the "Big Boss" of Sapelo Island [12] did much to increase its prestige. At Hofwyl Plantation, the devotion of the owners to the religious slave songs has made their neighborhood a veritable oasis of Afro-American music; and at The Ridge, "Miss Sis'," [13] as she was affectionately called, did splendid work in encouraging the survival of the ring-shout—although she characteristically disclaimed any credit. In addition, the applause of Northern audiences at Sea Island and at the Cabin has produced a striking change in the attitude of our Negroes toward their music.

If you are interested in African survivals and have a Negro community on or near your property, all you need do (provided you live in a remote district and are generous with your silver) is to let it be known that you wish to see such solo

[12] *The late Howard E. Coffin.*
[13] *Mrs. W. E. Clifton*

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535 dances as "The Buzzard Lope," "Juba," "The Mobile Buck," and "The Mosquito Dance" (accompanied by an occasional exclamation of "Slap 'em! Slap 'em!")—and they may be forthcoming. Another interesting dance, done to the tune of "New Rice an' Okra," is used to scuff off the outside husks of the rice and to prepare it for beating in a hand-hewn mortar exactly like that used on the West Coast of Africa (Illustrations 7 and 8). The pestles are heavy, and, to be wielded effectively, require the aid of rhythmic songs.

There are also the ring-play dances, which appear to be a combination of African play songs and the old English play-party or ring games. In most of them, the action reflects white influence; but to have a variation of the Virginia Reel done to an ominous African tune, with the threatening words, "Lawyer's suit!" repeated after and overlapping each narrative phrase, indicates such a fifty-fifty division as is often found in the religious songs.

One ring-play song uses "Sangaree" for its refrain, and in so doing gives a clue to its age. Few people today know that ante-bellum planters were refreshed by this West Indian drink which consisted of a chilled mixture of wine, sugar, nutmeg, and water.[14]

In the coastal section of South Carolina and Georgia, the ring-shout, a semi-religious survival of African dancing—not a vocal performance as the name implies—is accompanied by a melodious chant which generally concerns itself with the simplest of Biblical narratives and admonitions, as in

> O Eve, where is Adam? O Eve—
> Adam in the Garden pickin' up leaves.

In "Knee-bone I Call You, Knee-bone Bend," tones are used that baffle any transcription; and the leader frequently drops a whole octave in singing the rhythmically prolonged You, to the wonderment of white musicians unused to the trick so often employed by the old-time Negroes. In this musical chant warning is given that on Monday morning, and all other days of the week, the Lord calls upon you to get down on your knees and pray. On one of the old Heyward plantations bordering on the Combahee River there occurs a dance (clearly an African survival) which, from its description, seems similar to one I saw performed by primitive Negroes in the north of Haiti. There is another exotic performance on St. Simon's

[14] "Julep sangaree" was in use before 1840. Dr. L. D. Turner believes, however, that the song got its refrain from the African word sangari, meaning a ring dance.

A, [For Illustration 7 & 8, see Categories 171 & 252, plates facing pp. 48 & 49--Analyst]

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535 191 island, called by the incongruous railroad term "Ball the Jack." [15] A few years ago I saw it demonstrated by an old resident of Eleuthera, in the Bahamas, and its portrayal in the film *Sanders of the River*—for which "background shots" were made in villages along the Congo—indicates the region from which it originally came.

123 These dances, and such plantation activities as beating and fanning rice in the traditional African manner, provide effective material for those in the family group who are moving-picture addicts. It is also possible that such survivals persist on our plantations as are not to be found elsewhere in America this side of Haiti or Dutch Guiana; but do not be discouraged if they do not come when you call. It took years for me to see the ring-shout and the Buzzard Lope, and to see and hear the ring-play dances and songs, and the songs in an African dialect. It is a curious fact that the Negro rarely volunteers information—on the sound principle, perhaps, that if you tell nothing you have nothing to regret; and this is my reason for giving so many identifying titles and lines. If you know what to ask for, the work is half done.

000 For the plantation owner who cares to take the trouble, a barbecue provides the quickest route to results. If the procedure is not already known, an old resident will tell how one should be conducted, and who is competent to do the work. Both whites and blacks remember with nostalgic regret the days when a barbecue celebrated the end of the plantation harvest. For the sake of the picture, if dancing takes place after the feast instead of before, a generous fat-wood fire should be built as close to a spreading live oak as is safe, and a few prizes of old-fashioned white aprons, gilt hoop earrings, gay handkerchiefs for the heads of the women, and red bandanas for the necks of the men should be supplied. A temporary platform of broad boards laid—on two-by-fours or on any firm foundation—under the oak tree will repay the extra trouble. If the plantation is not too near a city, there is likely to be such dancing and entertainment as would make a Broadway producer green with envy. An occasion like this brings out the best—also the worst—in the way of talent, and gives an opportunity to evaluate what is to be found at the back door.

Old songs like "O de Robe" and "Norah Hist the Windah" are suitable for a restful evening; but let it end with shouting, as was customary at the old-time prayer meetings, and the whole atmosphere will change. There will be an inner

[15] *I am told that the action employed in "Snake Hip" is similar to that used in "Ball the Jack."*

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181 and that it was safer to let them lie. If you talked about them you might be stirring
829 up trouble for yourself. In Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird* the grandparents came to life when memory recalled them; it may be that the West Africans entertain something of the same belief.

181 Only by fitting together apparently unrelated parts have I been able to ad-
567 vance a reasonable explanation for our ignorance of the Negro's history and of his private life. He has been in America nearly as long as the white man, yet how much do we know about him? Precious little. We learn of his migrations by inference. Where the pioneering white man went—first South, then West—there went the Negro slave to break the ground.[3] He is mentioned—that is all. From accounts given by travelers in Africa, it is evident that they find out no more about the home life of the native than the interpreters choose to have them know, and in America this same reserve is as persistent a characteristic as is the color of the race or its frizzy hair. Southern planters grow up with certain trusted Negroes, without dreaming that they may be skilled in some particular direction. It was interesting to watch
• [535] the face of one of them, Uncle Scotia, when he saw the Buzzard Lope—for the first time in his life—done by a Negro woman he had known for more than fifty years. If he had heard about the dance and inquired—as I did—"Can you do it?" she would undoubtedly long before have obliged him. I must reiterate that the importance of knowing what questions to ask cannot be overestimated.

How much of the hands-off policy of the early plantation owners was due to their own lack of initiative, and how much to the silent pressure which the black race knows so well how to employ, had best be left an open question. Southerners say that a college education is of no avail when pitted against the cleverness of the Negro; and I know of too many instances in which the colored man has outwitted the white, to doubt that assertion.[4] But whoever originated segregation [5] and the
181 regime described in 1829 by Captain Basil Hall in his *Travels in the United States*,
177 the Negroes' passion for secrecy was fostered. Captain Hall quotes the owner of
567 a rice plantation on the Combahee River as saying: "We don't care what they do when their tasks are over—we lose sight of them till next day. Their morals and

[3] In considering the distribution of the slave songs this historical fact must be kept in mind. The Negro carried his songs with him, and I am convinced that they did not return against the tide of migration to any great extent.

[538] [4] Just as in the Uncle Remus tales, Brer Rabbit always outwits Brer Fox.

[5] Mary H. Kingsley, in West African Studies, tells us that among the Bantus the slaves live in villages apart from their masters.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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CHAPTER THREE

Afro-American Shout Songs

535 114 192 There appears to be a difference of opinion regarding the use of the word "shout" in designating the religious ring-dance, which was enjoyed during plantation days after prayer meeting and church service. Formerly writers thought that the Negro used the word because dancing was so sinful that it was wise to avoid even the name. But Dr. L. D. Turner has discovered that the Arabic word Saut (pronounced like our word "shout"), in use among the Mohammedans of West Africa, meant to run and walk around the Kaaba. I believe he has provided the right explanation for the difference in the meaning of the word, as used by the whites and the blacks, for I have seen the Negroes do the holy dance around the pulpit in their churches in such a manner.

535 Shouting appears to be of two types: Along the coast of Georgia and South Carolina the most popular form is the ring-shout, in which a number of dancers move counter-clockwise in a circle. (Illustration 22.[A]) Occasionally individuals are seen in church using the same rhythmic shout step. In North Carolina and Virginia, however, the solo performance is apparently the only form in use, and the ring-shout seems to be unknown.

535 191 198 (199) Those who have traveled in Africa, and have seen native dancing, are convinced that the shout of the American Negro is nothing more than a survival of an African tribal dance, and that the accompanying chants in their form and melody are quite as typical of Africa as the dance itself.[1] It is recognized, of course, that the words of the Old Testament have been substituted by the Negro for those of his native land. When the slaves grew more familiar with the English language, they evolved the more complicated religious songs that are now popularly called spirituals.

[1] Records Nos. 6 and 10 of the series made in the Belgian Congo by the Denis-Roosevelt expedition are strikingly similar.

A. [For Illustration 22, see Category 535, plate facing p. 128--Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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During ante-bellum days shouting was as much a part of the Sunday afternoon service as the sermon. By 1900, however, the more fashionable Negro preachers felt that this mode of worship could not be correct, since it did not conform to the conventional pattern of the white man's service; they began to frown upon the religious dance as they did upon the use of "Amen" and similar responses by the congregation. Even so, the hold of shouting is tenacious, and it is practiced during the Christmas holidays[2] to this day. All the country Negroes enjoy it immensely, though many are unwilling to admit that they know how to do it, as they consider the dance old-fashioned. It was years before I was permitted to see the St. Simon's Negroes indulge in this innocent performance. Why they should have been so secretive about such a pastime I cannot understand, unless—because the style of dancing is unlike ours—they were afraid I might laugh at it.

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[123]

I shall never forget the night at the hall of the Queen of the South Society when I first saw the ring-shout. Hard board benches were an unimportant matter. Little had I suspected, when Margaret took care of my room at the Arnold House years before, that she could outdo the Ouled Nail Dancers, of Biskra—if she wished. As it was, she wiggled her hips shamelessly, held her shoulders stiff—at the same time thrusting them forward—kept her feet flat on the floor, and, with the usual rhythmic heel-tapping, progressed with real style around the circle—goodness knows how. White folks who attempt the step of the true ring-shout find it difficult exercise. Few young Negroes will do it, and the Big Apple, with the stamp of the white man's approval, has recently been more popular. Should shouting ever achieve the same vogue, its life would be prolonged.

It was good fun telling the St. Simon's Negroes—too self-conscious in earlier years to shout—how a professional performer, Tamiris, seen in New York was dancing spirituals. There is a wide gulf between such a professional and Cornelia, but I am certain that the white artist, no matter how skillful, could learn something in the way of form from this colored woman, whose lean fine frame, beaked nose, and keen eyes bespeak her Arab ancestry—on the male side. As for Edith—who, being a Murphy, is temperamental—every now and then she gives a stylized, angular performance as though copying the poses of the figures in Egyptian decorations. The way she holds her arms and hands is perfect. It positively hurts that I have no moving picture of her statuesque, rhythmic pauses, or the pause Gertrude (Illustration

[175]
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[2] *Joe Armstrong tells me that before the War Between the States, "Jubilee time began on Monday before Christmas with a big eat of pork and baked yams."*

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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536 A 27), makes with head and shoulders bowed slightly forward, arms held close to her body, elbows bent at right angles, forearms thrust out before her, and palms upturned in a supplicating gesture. White musicians and dancers have obtained much from these untutored people, who appear to have an inborn gift for rhythm in its many manifestations. Work or play, preaching, praying, music, sculpture, or dancing—all are one to them when it comes to rhythmic expression.

HA'K 'E ANGELS

517 792 Deacon Eddy Thorpe, of McIntosh County, who contributed this Watch Night shout, explained that the slaves, when allowed to go to a praise-house that was out of bounds, were given passes with their promise to return before sun-up. On New Year's Eve the service consisted of prayers, religious songs, and a sermon by the preacher. At midnight, different members offered thanks to the Good Lord for the blessings of the past twelve months and implored His aid for the year to come. The shouting then began, and continued until dawn. This shout, which varies little in content or rhythm in Glynn, Liberty, McIntosh, and Camden counties,[3] was the last to be sung as the watcher, appointed for that duty, announced: "Day's a-comin' ":

(782) 533

(539)

Day, day Oh—see day's a-comin'
Ha'k 'e angels
Day, day Oh—see day's a-comin'
Ha'k 'e angels

[3] In the vicinity of Albany, Georgia, there is a similar version that uses "Yonder Come Day" instead of "Ha'k 'e Angels."

A. [For Illustration 27, see Category 142, plate facing p. 161--Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942 \
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10. Susy

[535]

11. Snooks Doing: "Juba Dis, Juba Dat"

[facing p. 65]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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10. DOWN TO DE MIRE

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535 Of all the ring-shouts I know, "Down to de Mire" is in more ways than one the most interesting. In the center of the ring, one member gets down on his knees and, with head touching the floor, rotates with the group as it moves around the circle. The different shouters, as they pass, push the head "down to the mire." The several arms reaching out to give a push make an unusually picturesque pattern. The refrain—repeated relentlessly—corresponds in its character and rhythmic beat to that of the drums in a song which accompanied an ominous ceremonial dance seen in *Trader Horn*.[8] One is apparently never too old or too fat to take part in this shout. I saw Quarterman, born in 1844, go "down to the mire" with satisfaction when he was ninety. Josephine, who weighs well over two hundred pounds, thinks nothing of getting down on her hands and knees and, with her head bobbing to the floor, proves the power of mind over matter:

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Sister Emma, Oh, you mus' come down to de mire.
Sister Emma, Oh, you mus' come down to de mire.
Jesus been down
to de mire
Jesus been down
to de mire
Jesus been down
to de mire
You must bow low
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
Honor Jesus
to de mire
Lowrah lowrah
to de mire
Lowrah lowrah
to de mire
Lowrah lowrah
to de mire
Jesus been down
to de mire
Sister Josie, you must come down to de mire
Sister Josie, you must come down to de mire

[8] I am told that, while the greater part of this film was made in California, "background shots" made in Africa were introduced, for obvious reasons. It is to these shots, naturally, that the above reference applies.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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OH EVE—WHERE IS ADAM?

533 (126) In taking down a shout song, you are beset with the difficulty of reconciling the different versions. No leader sings a song twice alike, and no two ever sing exactly the same version; yet the beat, the accent, and the tune remain so stable that leaders are unerringly followed. The words are in truth only the vehicle for carrying along the complicated rhythm. This is beaten out by the heels of the McIntosh County group in a way not approached by any other that I know. Shouters sometimes clap their hands; on St. Simon's they always call for a broom handle, which, when knocked on the floor, provides an extemporaneous tom-tom. In McIntosh County, however, they are so proficient in tapping out the rhythm with their heels that they can dispense with both sticks and hand clapping. With their hands free, they are able to do things descriptive of the text which less skillful groups would not be at liberty to attempt.

• 535 (539) The shout:

Oh Eve—where is Ad-u-m?
Oh Eve—Adam in the garden
Pickin' up leaves.

is a good example of the combination of dancing and pantomime. After swinging deliberately around the circle, singing the slower part of the chant, the dancers, when the time quickens, go through the motion of picking up leaves. With aprons gathered up and bodies bent, the women add greatly to the interest of the dance. All are amusingly industrious, but the men, without the assistance of aprons, are not quite so convincing in following the action indicated by the text.

533 535 Since the version I have encountered in Glynn and Camden Counties holds to "pinnin' leaves," I am inclined to believe that some McIntosh shouter took an artist's license and substituted "pickin' up" for "pinnin' " for the sake of more varied, more picturesque action. At any rate, the delightful result justifies the less usual interpretation of the Biblical text.

With "Lord called Adam—pinnin' leaves," the movement is faster. The feet are not supposed to leave the floor or to cross each other, such an act being sinful. The shouting proceeds with a curious shuffling but controlled step which taps out with the heel a resonant syncopation fascinating in its intricacy and precision. Over

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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and over the chant is repeated, the rhythm all-important, always right; the sonorous Old Testament words are just necessary sounds to carry along the melody, and the sequence of thought is nothing to worry about.

The words may be monotonous when read, but are not so when sung: "Adam" is turned into "Ad-u-m," with unusual tones and inflections all through the leading lines, which show surprising invention. It is self-evident that the song belongs to the African question-and-answer type, and bears no trace of European influence in its form:

Oh Eve where is Ad-u-m?
Oh Eve—Adam in the garden
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

Adam in the garden
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

Faster: Lord called Adam
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

Adam wouldn' answer
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

Adam shame'
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

Ad-u-m? (Rising inflection)
Pinnin' leaves.

Ad-u-m? (Falling inflection)
Pinnin' leaves.

Where't thou?
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

Adam naked
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

Ain't y'u shame'?
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

Lord I'm shame'
Pinnin' leaves. (repeat)

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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CHAPTER FOUR

Ring-Play, Dance, and Fiddle Songs

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• 536 Of the ring-play, dance, and fiddle songs, only those accompanying ring-play were countenanced by the church. However, certain solo dances like the Buzzard Lope evaded difficulties by using such religious songs as "Gimme Him" and "Throw Me Anywhere." These solo dances appear to have been "done for fun," and in our section bore no particular classification.[1] But the rags, reels, and fiddle or "sinful" songs were an entirely different matter. They were looked upon by church members with considerable horror as quite beyond the pale. Those of mature years would have nothing to do with them, and even today they are regarded with suspicion. In consequence, innocent as they appear to be, they have been the most difficult to uncover. Perhaps if I were a man or a godless colored woman I might find something as racy as was ever composed or sung in a "jook."

533 The ring-play songs were totally unknown to me for almost twenty years after I went to St. Simon's. Entirely by chance I learned about them in the Boston Public Library, when I happened on a short account of "Ring-Games from Georgia" by Loraine Darby,[2] and recognized one of the examples as a shanty used by our Negro stevedores in loading lumber. When I returned to Georgia, I asked Julia what that song had to do with ring-games. Again it was brought home to me that we learn from these people, who have no past, only what we first discover for ourselves. She said: "Dear me! It's a ring-play song, but it's so long since I sung one I'd forgotten we ever did." Later I found that I could not have escaped hearing inferior modern versions had I lived near a Negro school, for the children sing them at the top of their lungs.

With such a clue, I have unearthed various stray bits concerning these interesting game songs. Little has been written about them, and that little naturally classes

[1] Thomas W. Talley, in Negro Folk Rhymes, describes them as "star-danced" by one or two individuals at a time.

[2] Journal of American Folk-Lore, 1917.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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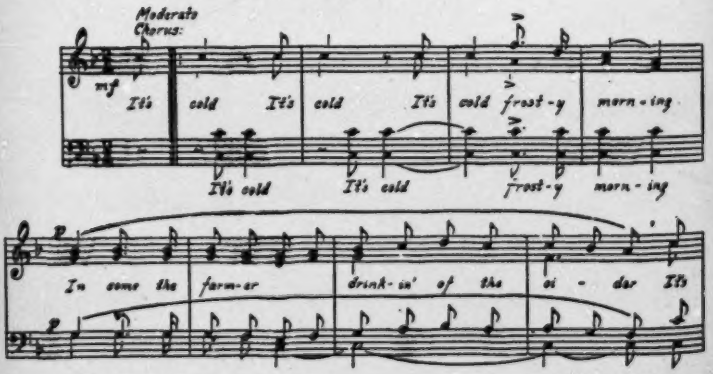
19. IT'S COLD FROSTY MORNIN'

The words of this "play," called "a marchin' piece," are clearly derived from an old English song. With "It's cold!" two and two march; with "There she stands right by your side" they change partners and march again:

It's cold
(It's cold)
It's cold
(It's cold)
It's cold frosty mornin'
In come the farmer drinkin' of the cider
It's cold ray-me-oo
An' now where to find her
An' now I lost my lover
An' where shall I find her
(repeat)
There she stan's right by your side
Don't she look jus' like a bride
Hug her an' kiss her an' call 'er your own
Then she'll marry you.

Moderato
Chorus:
mf
It's cold It's cold It's cold frost-y morn-ing
It's cold It's cold frost-y morn-ing
In come the farm-er drink-in' of the ci - der It's

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942

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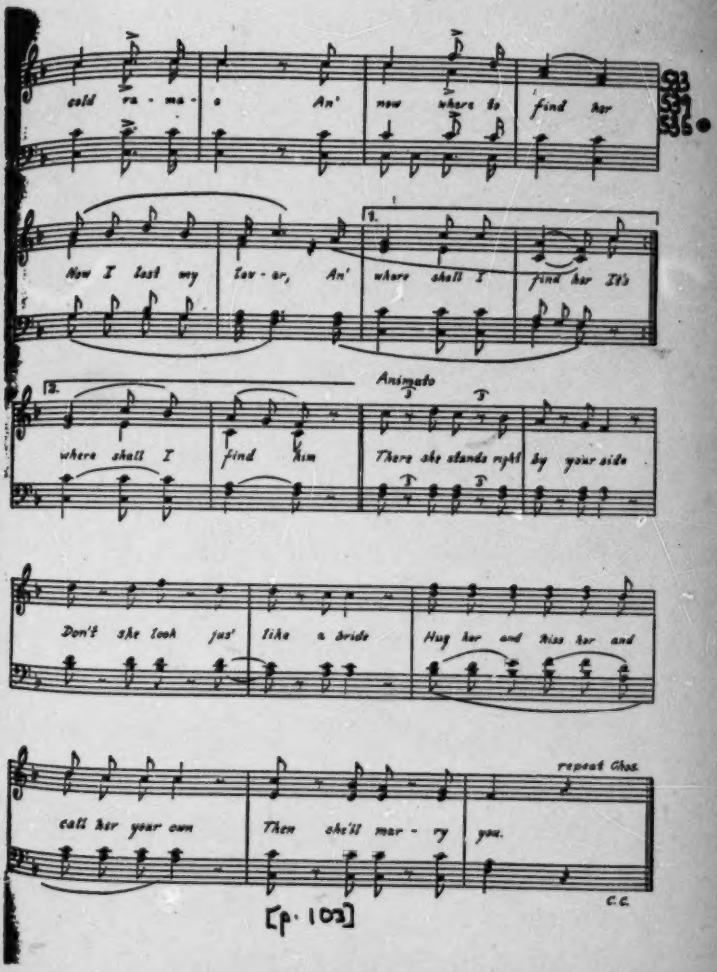
cold ra - ma - o An' now where to find her
How I lost my lov - er, An' where shall I find her It's
1.
Animato
2.
where shall I find him There she stands right by your side
Don't she look jus' like a bride Hug her and kiss her and
repeat Chos.
call her your own Then she'll mar - ry you.
C.C.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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PRETTY GREEN SHAWL

From the verses of this "play" it can be seen that it is a "promenading piece" and is the Negro counterpart of "It's Cold Frosty Mornin'." Partners are changed after singing the chorus a second time:

Chorus: Farewell, farewell
Fare you well my darlin'
Farewell, farewell
I love you to my heart

Now choose in another one honey my love
honey my love
honey my love
Choose in another one honey my love
So early in the mornin'.

O the lady—she wear a pretty green shawl
pretty green shawl
pretty green shawl
O the lady—she wear a pretty green shawl
So early in the mornin'.

Step gran' (or proud) wid y'r lover, honey my love
honey my love
honey my love
Step gran' wid y'r lover honey my love
So early in the mornin'.

Repeat Chorus:

FOUR AND TWENTY LAWYERS

535 The action is spirited, with much hand clapping that encourages those who "lead off." As far as I can see the figures are similar to those of the Virginia reel, with the exception of the beginning, where "Lead off one" is the signal for a man to walk briskly from the top of the line to the foot (men on one side, women on the other, as is usual). "Up and down" indicates the repetition of the short swinging jaunt; at "Lead off next," he takes the hand of the woman on the opposite end and

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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●535 they "Step in a hurry" and go "up and down" twice. The play then proceeds in the familiar way. Unless you have been told beforehand it is difficult to distinguish the words of the response "Lawyer's suit." When it is sung by all, as fast as it should be, and overlaps the leader's last word, a strange twist is given the tune. As can be seen, the words are no more than stage directions, but the rhythm is unusual, with the unmistakable stamp of Africa in the ominous cadence found in "Lawyer's suit."

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The chorus is repeated as well as each leading line with its refrain:

Chorus: There is four and twenty lawyers
All in a line
Four and twenty lawyers
All in a line
(faster) Lead off one[3]
Lawyer's suit.
Up and down
Lawyer's suit.
Lead off next
Lawyer's suit.
Step in a hurry
Lawyer's suit.
Turn that lady
Lawyer's suit.
Turn her loose
Lawyer's suit.
Don't you hurt that lady
Lawyer's suit.
You hurt my heart
Lawyer's suit.
She's a very fine lady
Lawyer's suit.
Just from the country
Lawyer's suit.
Basket of oysters
Lawyer's suit.

[3] When another man leads off, the verses change to suit the leader. In place of "Step in a hurry" I have heard "Get in a hurry," then:

Very fine gentleman
Lawyer's suit.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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SHOUT JOSEPHINE SHOUT

533 539 Julia remembered this verse from her youth on St. Simon's—with a fragment of another from the same song:

Josephine! Ma'am?
Don't you hear y'o' mammy call you
Why don't you go an' see what she want?
Josephine! Ma'am?
Want to shout? Yes, ma'am.
Shout Josephine—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!

Get a hump on y'o'self you red-eye' devil
Get a hump on y'o'self you big-eye' coon!

524 535 Years later, at Broadfield, I found that the verse given above was the chorus of an amusing play song, with pantomime, which is related to both the ring-play and the solo dances. "Josephine! Ma'am?" is sung first as is usual; the leader then tells where the pain (or ornament) is located and the participants instantly try to place their hands on the spot named:

Pain in the head—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!
Pain in the back—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!
Pain in the neck—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!
Pain in the hip—Shout—Shout!
Shout Josephine—Shout!

Josephine
Ma'am?
Want t' shout?
Yes ma'am
What time?
Right now.
Shout Josephine
Shout!

Pain in the toe
Shout! Shout!

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THE BUZZARD LOPE—A SOLO DANCE

•535 Since 1915 I have known that such a dance as the Buzzard Lope[6] could be found in the neighborhood of St. Simon's; but the Negroes of that section always told me it was done on some far-off island, such as St. Catherine's or Sapelo. Over ten years ago I asked the same question of a newcomer, as a matter of routine, which I had for years put to the other shouters: "Can you do the Buzzard Lope?" When she said: "Yes'm," I was a bit stunned . . . but she could, to perfection. To my surprise, however, I found that a number who had previously denied such a gift were close seconds. (Illustrations 23 and 26) A

53 This group used an old religious song with narrative lines of a suitable character. In ante-bellum days the slaves called the graveyard "the ole field":

THROW ME ANYWHERE

Throw me anywhere
In that ole field
Throw me anywhere, Lord
In that ole field
Throw me anywhere
In that ole field
Throw me anywhere, Lord
In that ole field
Members,[7] you want to die, Lord
In that ole field
Members, you want to die, Lord
In that ole field
Members, you want to die, Lord
In that ole field
Members, you want to die
In that ole field.

(191) [6] Dances simulating the peculiar characteristics of animals are popular in Africa; and Mr. Herskovits tells me he has seen a similar dance in Dahomey.

[7] Deacons, preachers, brothers, sisters, and mother are all mentioned as wanting to die "In that old field."

A. [For Illustrations 23 & 26, see Categories 535 & 142, plates facing pp. 129 and 160 respectively—Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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•535 On Sapelo Island, I found in the Johnson family a combination of the old dance form with rather more modern steps than the original African pantomime warranted. Of the twins, Naomi did the patting while Isaac did the dancing; [8] an older brother rhythmically called out the cues in a sharp staccato, and another one lay on the floor of the wide veranda representing a dead cow. Anyone who has seen turkey buzzards disposing of "carr'on" [9] will recognize the aptness of the following directions. Those who are at all squeamish had better skip this part. The bracketed asides were given for my information:

(533)
(529)

March aroun'! (*the cow*)
Jump across! (*see if she's daid*)
Get the eye! (*always go for that first*)
So glad! (*cow daid*)
Get the guts! (*they like 'em next best*)
Go to eatin'! (*on the meat*)
All right!—cow mos' gone!
Dog comin'!
Scare the dog!
Look aroun' for mo' meat!
All right!—Belly full!
—"Goin' to tell the res'."

And with an eye to the dramatic exit, Isaac danced into the house.

[8] *In later years I saw the Buzzard Lope done by Isaac's teacher, Reuben Grovenor—a descendant of the Sapelo Bilali who wrote a "diary" in Arabic. Many times have I seen others do this peculiar dance, but Reuben's performance is far and away the most finished. With effortless grace he gives a stylized pattern of the bird's awkward steps, without any attempt at realism. His is indeed a high form of rhythmic approximation, and those who have seen it at the Cabin are fortunate.*

[9] *Miss Kingsley tells us that in West Africa turkey buzzards are called "Jack Crows"—the natives call them "yubu." In the West Indies they are called either "John Crows" or "Carrion Crows."*

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Nex' come in wuz Mr. Snake
.....
Pattin' all round' dat weddin' cake.
.....
Nex' cum in wuz Mr. Bug
.....
Hoppin' all roun' dat whiskey jug.
.....
Nex' come in wuz Mr. Tick
.....
He ate so much till it made 'im sick.
.....

The youngster said he knew many more verses, but these are more than enough to show how lines of proper length can be utilized.

JUBA DIS AN' JUBA DAT

Juba dis an' Juba dat
An' Juba kill d' yalla cat
An' get over double-trouble
Juba!
She served d' meal
She gimme d' husk
Cooked d' bread
She gimme d' crus'
She fried d' meat
Gimme d' skin
That's 'e way momma
Took me in
Now Juba![13]

By rapidly crossing his hands to first one knee and then the other, Snooks puts out an intricate rhythm to the above staccato lines. When he gets to "Now Juba!" he does some clever footwork that matches the coördination of his hands.

(Illustration 11)[A]

[13] Maude Cuney Hare in Negro Musicians and Their Music says that the dance Juba is known to be over a century old. Cable in his "Creole Slave Songs" mentions that "The guiouba was probably the famed juba of Georgia and the Carolinas."

A. [For Illustration 11, see Category 535, plate facing p. 65--Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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BALL THE JACK

53 Several of our Negroes "Ball the Jack," as well as the African performer who did a similar serpentine wriggle at a wedding ceremony in the moving picture, "Sanders of the River." [14] Some day, if I ask enough questions, I may discover the original name of the dance—if it had one. Just why it should have been called by a railroad term I can't figure out, unless its African name had somewhat the same sound.

Suzy's head and shoulders are stationary and so are her feet (Illustration 10), but there is a flow of undulating rhythm from chest to heels, with a few rotations in the hip region, done to this rhythmic patter:

Ole Aunt Dinah
Sick in bed
Send for the doctor
The doctor said
Get up Dinah
You ain' sick
All you need
Is a hickory stick
An' I ball the jack on the railroad track.

And so on ad infinitum; the words are of no particular moment, only sounds for carrying the rhythm. A box and a stick would do as well.

• 535 "Ball the Jack" was brought to St. Simon's about fifty years ago by an "up-country" Negro, and has been performed ever since—to the accompaniment of shrieks of contagious laughter—by the little Negroes in Jewtown. Two white children and their nurse happened along one day. The children's attention was at once riveted, by the severe words of the nurse, on what was being done: "You stop dat while I have my chillen aroun'."

In later years Martha, who weighed over two hundred pounds, went through the performance for me—although, as a neighbor of hers said, "Martha didn't have the figure for it." You could scarcely call it a dance, and I don't wonder "Aunt Lou" did not want her white children copying the contortions which suggest the neck of a chicken attempting to swallow something too big for comfort.

[14] "Snake Hip" is a far more appropriate nickname.

A, [For Illustration #1, see Category 342, plate facing p. 65--Analyst]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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BILE DEM CABBAGE DOWN

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(535)

A St. Simon's Negro called this a "Cracker Dance" and gave me the following verses:

Bile dem cabbage down
Bile dem cabbage down
Look here gal—don' wan' no foolin'
Bile dem cabbage down.

Went to Susy's house
Susy wasn't home
Look here gal—don' wan' no foolin'
Bile dem cabbage down.

My old Missus promis' me
Bile dem cabbage down
When she die she goin' to set me free
Bile dem cabbage down.

She live so long till her he'd got bal'
Bile dem cabbage down
She gib up de idea o' dyin' at all
Bile dem cabbage down.

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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22. King Sland in the Cabin

[Facing p. 128]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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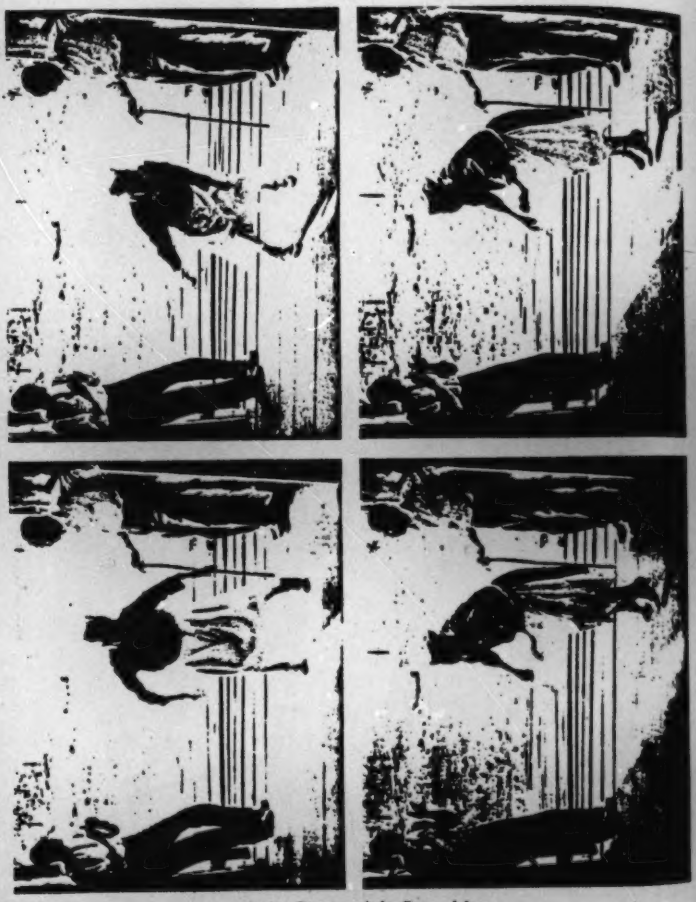

23. Action Pictures of the Buzzard Lope

[Facing p. 129]

9: Parrish B-4,5 (ca.1916-1941) 1942
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24. Margaret, on the Left, Demonstrates the Correct Position of Arms and Feet in Shouting

[Facing p. 144]

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26. *Julia—Who Does the Buzzard Lope*

[facing p. 160]

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243 Julia said that when only a small amount of rice was to be thrashed, the grain
1K1 was stripped from the straw by hand, and put on a good clean floor. With a quick
● (535) and effective dance step, the outer husk was scuffed off. On Sapelo the work was done to a similar step, with these words:

533 Peas an' the rice done done
539 Higho—Higho!
Beaufort boat done come
Higho—Higho!
How do you know—done heard it blow
Higho—Higho!

On St. Simon's, Julia Armstrong sings still another version:

New rice an' okra—Nana—Nana![18]
Eat some an' leave some—Nana—Nana!
Beat rice to bum-bum
Eat some an' leave some.

I am told that Old Adam Proctor hoed rice to the tune of:

Way over yonder in that new bright worl'
Poo' sinner got a home at las'

and tied up the sheaves to:

Do Lord remember me—Do Lord remember me
Way over in Beulah Lan'—Do Lord remember me.

(535) A shout song was often used for the rice dance. The following lines indicate how the rhythm changed. While walking around in a circle with a preliminary scuffle, the "t'rashers" sang the slow part as in shouting.

Sheep know his shepher's voice
Yes Lord, I know the way.
Sheep know his shepher's voice
Yes Lord, I know the way.

[18] According to Dr. Turner, "nana" means grandmother.

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You know the way an' you wouldn't come home
Yes Lord, I know the way.
Every sheep know his shepher's voice
Yes Lord, I know the way.

(535) The faster part was sung as two hops were made on one foot while the other did the scuffing.

Make a jump, jump for joy!
Make a jump, jump for joy!

This phrase was repeated over and over, with the variation:

Sheep jump, jump for joy!

243 The planters believed that rice was only good when freshly beaten,[17] and the sheaves kept for family use were put in a well-ventilated mouse-proof loft. The commercial rice was threshed in a mill, but the husks were left on, and even in cities, in the South, the rice was beaten fresh every day. The mortars were generally hollowed out of cypress or hard pine logs and used upright, although on Sapelo I have (412) seen some made of immense pieces of squared timber laid flat so that the beating took place against the grain. The pestles had two ends, one sharp for bruising the husks and removing them, the other flat for whitening. Boys or women generally did the beating. They would grasp the pestles in the middle, raising and letting (461) them fall so quickly and evenly, to the rhythm of what was more like a chant than a song, that the task was not considered difficult.

243 171 [17] *William Ellis in his* History of Madagascar, *1838, makes it clear that our early rice planters got their ideas about the culture and preparation of rice for the table directly from Madagascar. In* Seed from Madagascar *Duncan Clinch Heyward tells us that the seed of the Carolina Gold rice was brought from that land by a sea captain about the year 1685, but Mr. Ellis furnishes the African end of the picture. After describing planting and harvesting methods, he explains the laborious process by which rice was made ready for cooking. "The rice, which is kept in the husk in a sort of granary, is made ready for use in such quantities only as the daily consumption of the family may require." In minute detail he explains that it is then beaten in a mortar by two people using large wooden pestles, about five feet in length, so as to break and remove the outer husk without breaking the grain. The rice is taken out, and separated from the husk by winnowing; it is then beaten in the mortar a second time for the purpose of taking off the inner skin. The process is repeated a third time; tossed again in the winnowing-fan, then washed and cooked. It was reported by Francis Moor that on the West Coast of Africa men worked the corn ground, and women and girls the rice ground. Jobson, another West African traveler, says: "the wives do all the hard labor such as cleaning and pounding rice . . . which is done in mortars with great staves." One explorer mentioned that rice was so plentiful in Kongo and Angola that it hardly bears any price.*

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175 are now losing—and the resistance of the slaves to "the miasma of the rice fields" en-
567 abled them to take care of the crop during the "pestilential season" with the min-
243 imum of white supervision. In consequence, all white residents who could leave [28]
[164] fled at nightfall to the "sálts"—as the sea marshes were called—or to the dry and higher pine land, whichever might be nearer, and the Negroes were left very much to themselves. It requires no stretch of the imagination to assume that the beloved
[533] rhythms and dances that had been brought from Africa were kept alive in just this
[535] way. For which let me say—God be praised! I have never been able to believe that
[178] all virtue was vested in the white man or his music.

Another statement of Lyell's is so accurate that it should be given here. He tells
175 us that "The slaves identify themselves with the master, and their sense of their own
567 importance rises with his success in life." Mrs. Shadman, who knew all the ex-slaves
578 on St. Simon's, told me that Maum Rhina at Cannon's Point was heard to say: "I hol' my head jus' as high as my Missus. I'se a Wylly nig'ah." The Wylly Negroes always felt they were superior to those of the Hazzards, who lived on the adjoining plantation. The feeling of animosity that has persisted for more than a century among the descendants of the slaves of the two plantations may be because of the duel over a boundary dispute, in which young Wylly was killed by his neighbor, Dr. Hazzard.

175 In spite of the Negroes being passionately fond of music and dancing, the ac-
799 tivity of the Baptist and Methodist missionaries was such before 1845 that Lyell
533 tells us: "On the Hopeton Plantation above twenty violins have been silenced."
534 The ban on secular music was the same in the vicinity of Beaufort, South Carolina. The editors of *Slave Songs of the United States* reported that they never saw a musical instrument among the Port Royal freedmen, and mentioned that the last violin, owned by a "wordly man," disappeared from Coffin's Point in 1861. They
175 expressed regret that they could not obtain enough secular songs to make a division
533 by themselves, and went on to say: "It is . . . already becoming difficult to obtain these songs. Even the 'spirituals' are going out of use on the plantations, superseded
[177] by the new style of religious music, 'closely imitated from the white people.' " The statement made by the editors that "The same songs are used for rowing as for
[184] shouting," holds true on the coast of Georgia, and it is interesting to find that the identical tunes were favorites the length of the sea-island chain between the Peedee and the Satilla Rivers. (Map, page xxxii.)

184 The similarity of the speech, customs, and music of the Gullah Negroes through-
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[28] The terms of the overseer's contract required his presence on the plantation except under urgent circumstances.

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By plantation rule and by law of the state only one slave to a plantation was permitted to carry a gun for hunting, and he did so only to provide ducks for the master's table or to kill the crows and blackbirds which ate the seeds and the young plants in the fields.

The Negroes were also fond of singing and dancing, and most planters indulged them in this propensity. One South Carolina planter who had been having trouble in disciplining his slaves supplied his people with fiddles and drums and "promoted dancing." To his gratification the ill temper of the slaves disappeared and peace was once more established on the plantation.[39] Their dancing was a sort of shuffle which animated the whole body, and was performed individually rather than by couples. The dance was usually held at night in the open or in one of the cabins and the entire group participated in the merrymaking. Miss Towne frequently complained after she reached St. Helena Island in 1862 that the Negroes on her plantation had been up singing and dancing all night.

Most visitors to the Sea Islands wondered at the slaves' "passionate fondness" for singing. Fredrika Bremer, a Scandinavian visitor to coastal South Carolina, was of the opinion that "one must see these people singing if one is rightly to understand their life." After attending a Negro church service, she declared that "they sang so that it was a pleasure to hear, with all their souls and with all their bodies in unison; for their bodies wagged, their heads nodded, their feet stamped, their knees shook, their elbows and their hands beat time to the tune and words

[39] N. Herbemont, "On the Moral Discipline and Treatment of Slaves," *Southern Agriculturist*, IX, 70-75.

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read a long passage from the Bible and after another prayer call upon a member to speak.

Edward L. Pierce attended several praise meetings on St. Helena in 1862 and reported that "their exhortations to personal piety were fervent, and though their language was many times confused, at least to my ear, occasionally an important instruction or a felicitous expression could be recognized. In one case, a preacher of their own, commenting on the text, 'Blessed are the meek,' exhorted his brethren not to be 'stout-minded.' "[55]

After another prayer and song the "shout" began.[56] Although the prayer meeting invariably preceded the shout, the members considered the shout a part of their worship, explaining that "it exercise de frame."[57] Pushing the benches back to the wall and perhaps putting another piece of lightwood on the fire in the hearth and on the one which burned red before the door, the worshipers began the recreation which for the church members took the place of the informal dance.

"Old and young, men and women, sprucely-dressed young men, grotesquely half-clad field hands—the women generally with gay handkerchiefs twisted about their heads and with short skirts—boys with tattered shirts and men's trousers, young girls barefooted," wrote Miss Harriet Ware who attended many a shout on St. Helena in the

[55] Pierce, *op. cit.*, p. 305.

[56] Mr. William Elliott, of Columbia, S. C., a relative of the William Elliott frequently quoted in these pages, states that "the 'shout' is the object of the meeting to which the rest is the introduction." Mr. Elliott speaks from an intimate knowledge of sea-island customs. The shouts, however, which the writer attended on St. Helena Island in 1928 were invariably commenced after the praise meeting had been dismissed.

[57] *Letters from Port Royal*, p. 27.

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early days of the Civil War, "all stand up in the middle of the floor, and when the 'sperichil' is struck up, begin first walking and by-and-by shuffling around, one after the other, in a ring. The foot is hardly taken from the floor, and the progression is mainly due to a jerking, hitching motion, which agitates the entire shouter, and soon brings out streams of perspiration. Sometimes they dance silently, sometimes as they shuffle they sing the chorus of the spiritual, and sometimes the song itself is also sung by the dancers. But more frequently a band, composed of some of the best singers and tired shouters, stand [*sic*] at the side of the room to 'base' the others, singing the body of the song and clapping their hands together or on their knees. Song and dance are alike extremely energetic, and often, when the shout lasts into the middle of the night, the monotonous thud, thud of the feet prevents sleep within half a mile of the praise-house."[88]

Miss Towne thought the shout to be "certainly the remains of some old idol worship." "I never saw anything so savage," she said. "They call it a religious ceremony, but it seems more like a regular frolic to me."[89] The shout was, indeed, a modification of the Negro's regular dance. After a Negro was converted he no longer attended dances in the cabins where "de sinners cross um feet," for the Methodist and Baptist preachers and missionaries taught the slaves that dancing was evil. He went instead to the praise house where the same dance, recently in vogue today as the "Charleston," was performed, with-

[88] *Ibid.*, p. 27n; also in *Nation*, May 30, 1867. For other descriptions of shouts on St. Helena Island see *Letters and Diary of Laura M. Towne*, pp. 20, 21, 22, 23.

[89] *Letters and Diary*, p. 20.

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out crossing the feet, to the tune of a spiritual. Nor did the Negroes take their violins into the praise houses, for the missionaries also taught them that fiddle music was sinful since the fiddle furnished the tunes for the old dances. The last violin on St. Helena Island before the Civil War is said to have been owned by a Negro on Coffin's Point, but he got rid of it before "big gun shoot," as the Negroes called the battle of Port Royal.

Sir Charles Lyell observed the same kind of religious worship on the Georgia Sea Islands and mainland. "On the Hopeton plantation above twenty violins have been silenced by the Methodist missionaries," he wrote in 1845. "At the Methodist prayer-meetings, they are permitted to move rapidly in a ring, joining hands in token of brotherly love, presenting first the right hand and then the left, in which manœuvre, I am told, they sometimes contrive to take enough exercise to serve as a substitute for the dance, it being, in fact, a kind of spiritual *boulanger* [?], while the singing of psalms, in and out of chapel, compensates in no small degree for the songs they have been required to renounce."[80]

The religious life of the slaves was organized by the whites upon the same plan as their own. On plantations of any size, slaves who had joined the church were formed into a class, at the head of which was one of their own number, acting as deacon or leader, who was also sometimes a licensed preacher.[81] The leader who was the head of the praise house often decided in council with his subordinates, the watchmen, whether a candidate for member-

[80] Lyell, *Second Visit to the United States*, I, 269, 270.
[81] "Negro Slavery at the South," DeBow, *Industrial Resources of the United States*, II, 251.